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(DOWSET, T.)
EVERETT



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Thomas Dowe

EULOGY

ON

THOMAS DOWSE,

Of Cambridgeport,

PRONOUNCED BEFORE

THE MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY,

9TH DECEMBER, 1858.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

WITH THE INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS

BY ROBERT C. WINTHROP, PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY;

AND AN APPENDIX.

BOSTON:

PRINTED BY JOHN WILSON AND SON.

M.DCCCLIX.



AT a Special Meeting of the MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
Dec. 21, 1858, the following Resolution was unanimously adopted :—

“ *Resolved*, That the thanks of the Massachusetts Historical Society be presented to their distinguished associate, the Hon. EDWARD EVERETT, for the interesting, instructive, and eloquent EULOGY pronounced by him, at their request, on the evening of the 9th inst., on the late THOMAS DOWSE ; and that he be respectfully requested to furnish a copy for publication.”

CHANDLER ROBBINS,

Recording Secretary.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS,

BY THE HON. ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

After an impressive prayer had been offered by the senior clerical member of the Society (the Rev. WILLIAM JENKS, D.D.), the President addressed the audience as follows :—

It may not be inappropriate for me to remark, ladies and gentlemen, in the brief opening which is all that belongs to me on this occasion, that four times only,—during the nearly threescore years and ten which have elapsed since their original organization in 1790,—that four times only, I believe, have the Massachusetts Historical Society been assembled, as they now are, for any purpose of public and formal commemoration.

On the 23d of October, 1792, a discourse was delivered before them by the Rev. Dr. Belknap, on the completion of the third century since the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus.

On the 22d of December, 1813, a discourse was delivered before them, on the one hundred and ninety-third anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, by the late venerable Judge Davis.

On the 29th of May, 1843, a discourse was delivered

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before them, on the second centennial anniversary of the old New-England Confederation, by the late illustrious John Quincy Adams.

On the 31st of October, 1844, a discourse was delivered before them, on the completion of the first half-century since their own incorporation, by Dr. John Gorham Palfrey, who, we are glad to remember, is still living and laboring in our chosen field, and whose History of New England we are at this moment awaiting from the press with so much of eager interest and expectation.

And now, once more, we are assembled here this evening, with these distinguished and welcome guests around us, to listen to our honored associate, Mr. Everett, while in our behalf, and in kind compliance with our request, he pays a tribute, such as he alone can pay, to one of our most recent and most munificent benefactors.

We are not unmindful, in assembling for this purpose, that our old parent Historical Society, the mother of all in America, has been indebted heretofore to more than one most liberal benefactor for the means of carrying forward the cherished objects for which it was instituted. Its library, its cabinet, the halls it is privileged to occupy, — overhanging the ancient sepulchres of so many of the Massachusetts Fathers, — the four and thirty volumes of its published Collections, all bear manifold and abundant testimony to the generous contributions of its founders and friends.

There are those, I rejoice to say, yet among the living, and some of them within the sound of my voice at this moment, for whose pecuniary aid or personal service, in

many an hour of need, we can hardly be too grateful. May the day be still distant which shall unseal our lips by sealing their own, and which shall take off the injunction, which nothing but death can dissolve, against making them the subjects of public eulogy!

But no considerations of delicacy forbid the open acknowledgment of our obligations to those distinguished Governors of Massachusetts, and earliest Presidents of our Society, — James Sullivan and Christopher Gore, — who, however widely they may have differed about the politics of the day in which they lived, forgot all other rivalries in the cause in which we are engaged, and emulated each other in generous efforts for its promotion.

Nor can any such consideration restrain the expression of our gratitude to the late excellent Samuel Appleton, to whom we owe the establishment of a noble fund for procuring, preserving, and publishing the materials of American history.

And nothing, certainly, could excuse us for omitting an opportunity like the present, to make still more particular and emphatic mention of Dr. Jeremy Belknap, as one pre-eminently entitled to our grateful remembrance and regard. Foremost among the founders of our Society, his labors for its advancement, and his contributions to its archives, ceased only with his life; and now that more than half a century has passed away since that valuable and venerable life was brought to a close, we have again been called to a fresh recognition and a renewed admiration of his unwearied devotion to the objects for which we are associated, by the

rich and varied treasures, from his own original collection, which have been so thoughtfully and liberally added to our library and cabinet by his esteemed and respected daughter. Coming to us, within a few months past, through the hands of our accomplished associate, Mr. Ticknor, and carefully collated and arranged, as they already have been, by our untiring coadjutor, Mr. Charles Deane, they will form at once a precious addition to our archives, and a most interesting memorial of Dr. Belknap and his family.

But, while we can never forget our indebtedness to these earlier friends and benefactors of our Society, we are here to-night to acknowledge a gift, which must ever stand by itself in our annals. We are here to-night to commemorate a giver, whose remarkable qualities and career would alone have entitled him to no common tribute of respect.

And I know not, my friends, how I can better discharge the duty which now devolves on me, as the organ of this Society, of introducing to you at once the subject and the orator of the occasion, than by holding up before you this ponderous volume, and by telling you at least one of the circumstances under which it originally came into my possession.

It is the first volume of a sumptuous folio edition of Purchas's Pilgrims, printed in London in the year 1625, which was placed in my hands by Mr. Dowse himself, on the 30th day of July, 1856, and which contains an inscription which will speak for itself: —

"CAMBRIDGE, July 30, 1856.

"This volume, 'Purchas his Pilgrims,' being numbered 812 in the Catalogue now in the press of Messrs. John Wilson and Son, is delivered by me, on this thirtieth day of July, 1856, to the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, President of the Massachusetts Historical Society, as an earnest and evidence of my having given the whole of my library to said Massachusetts Historical Society,—the books to be preserved for ever in a room by themselves, and only to be used in said room.

"THOMAS DOWSE.

"In presence of

"O. W. WATRISS.
GEORGE LIVERMORE."

It is not for me, my friends, to attempt any account of the more than five thousand rare and costly volumes of which this was the sample and the earnest. They will be described to you presently by one familiar with them from his youth, and who is far better able to do justice to them than myself. But I may be pardoned for alluding to a single circumstance, which he himself might shrink from recalling.

When admitted into the library of Mr. DOWSE, in company with my valued friend, Mr. George Livermore, to receive this magnificent gift in behalf of our Society, my attention could not fail to be attracted to the one portrait which hung conspicuously upon the walls. Though only an unfinished sketch, it bore evident marks of having come from the hand of that admirable artist, whose name is so proudly associated with the far-famed head of WASHINGTON in the gallery of the Boston Athenæum,—Gilbert Stuart; and it portrayed the features of a youthful student, in all the bloom of his earliest manhood, who, having taken the highest

honors of Harvard at an age when others were still preparing to enter there, was already adorning one of the classical chairs of that venerable university; — lending the highest accomplishments of scholarship and eloquence to elevate the standard of American education, and giving abundant evidence of all those brilliant and surpassing powers which have since been displayed, in so many varied ways, in the service of his fellow-citizens and for the honor of his country.

This, my friends, was the only portrait which Mr. DOWSE had admitted to his library; and a most significant indication it was of the estimation in which he held the original.

You will not be surprised, therefore, that when the Massachusetts Historical Society proposed to pay a tribute to the memory of so munificent a benefactor, who lived but a few months after the gift was consummated, they should have eagerly welcomed that handwriting on the wall, and should have turned at once in the direction which it so clearly marked out for them. And it only remains for me to present to you, as I now have the privilege of doing, in all the maturity of his manhood and his fame, the honored original of a portrait, which you will all, I am sure, have anticipated me in saying, is the only unfinished performance which has ever been associated with the name of EDWARD EVERETT.

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Edward Everett.

1821

EULOGY

ON

T H O M A S D O W S E.

BY HON. EDWARD EVERETT.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL
SOCIETY, —

WE are assembled this evening to pay a long-deferred debt of duty and gratitude to the memory of our greatest benefactor. At the time of the ever-memorable announcement of the donation of his library on the 5th of August, 1856, we expressed our thankfulness in becoming resolutions of acknowledgment. When, a few months afterwards, he was taken from us, we followed him to his last resting-place with unaffected demonstrations of sorrow and respect. When his magnificent library was, after his decease, transferred to the possession of the Society, and opened for consultation and use, we took an appropriate public notice of the interesting and important occasion ; and we have now come together to unite in one more demonstration of respect, and one more act of grateful acknowledgment. We have come to gather up the recollections of the diligent, modest, unambitious, but in many respects important and memo-

rable, life; to trace the strongly marked traits of a character, which, in an humble sphere of action, wrought out so much solid good, and appropriated to itself so much of the refinement and culture of the more favored pursuits; to do justice to those pure tastes, refined sympathies, and high aspirations, which, beneath the burden of uncongenial circumstances, seemed hardly to do justice to themselves; in a word, to characterize a representative man, unconsciously such on his own part, and during his life inadequately recognized by his contemporaries.

The events of Mr. Dowse's life were few and simple, of no great interest in themselves, and important only as furnishing the basis and cohesion of that quiet action, by which he carried on the even and beautiful tenor of his existence. He was born in the lower walks of society; one might almost say, the lowest of those removed from actual dependence and penury. He enjoyed scarcely the humblest advantages of education; and was placed in no position to give promise of future eminence, had he been designed and endowed by Providence for an eminent career. He was not favorably situated in early life to engage in any of the pursuits by which men attract notice and earn reputation: but he early entered on a course of manual labor not well adapted to stimulate the mental powers; a career which might be successful, but which in scarce any possible event could lead to distinction. Hugh Miller, a stone-mason in the old red-sandstone quarries of Cromarty, George Stephenson in the depths of the coal mines at Black Callerton, may seem to be placed on the lowest round of the ladder of

advancement; but it was one which led by regular, though at first arduous, ascent to the heights of fame. The young leather-dresser's apprentice could, however successful, scarcely grow up to be any thing but a respectable master-workman. His humble industry, pursued under the livelong disadvantage of a serious bodily infirmity, was crowned with success. The diligence, energy, and intelligence with which he carried on his laborious calling, resulted in the accumulation of a handsome property; of which, from an early period, he began to employ a liberal share, not in the ordinary luxuries of building, equipage, and domestic establishment, but in the gratification of a taste for books, for art, and for Nature in her simpler beauties, and genial, home-bred relations. As his fortune continued to grow, instead of struggling to rise in social position or increased importance in the eyes of the community, he availed himself of his ample means only to redeem added hours from manual labor, in order to devote them to reading. Late in life, he rose, not to the places which a vulgar ambition covets but cannot fill, but from his work-bench to his study-table. The shop-windows were still open beneath his library, though the work was carried on by others in his employ. The decently carved lamb still stood upon its lofty pillar before his door, symbolizing his quiet nature, while it advertised his humble trade, for years after the growing infirmities of age had obliged him to leave hard work to younger hands. Advancing years stole upon him, and still found him occupied with an instructive book; turning a costly volume of engravings, of the beauty of which he had a keen perception;

contemplating with never-cloyed zest the valuable collection of copies in water-colors of the ancient masters, the acquisition of which formed what may be called the fortunate accident of his life; strolling among his flower-beds, listening to the hum of his bees, whom he would not allow to be robbed of their honey; superintending the planting of his shrubbery, and pruning his trees. Under still-increasing infirmities, he reaches, he passes, the accepted term of human life; and the sobered thoughts which suit its decline take more exclusive possession of his mind. He begins to make frequent visits to Mount Auburn, in preparation for that visit on which we bore him company, from which there is no return. Humble mechanic, owing all the solace of his lonely existence to the success with which he had been able to ennoble manual labor by intellectual culture, he thinks it no presumption, toward the close of his life, and when no selfish motive of attracting worldly applause could by possibility be ascribed to the act, to raise at Mount Auburn a simple and solid shaft in honor of his brother-mechanic, — the immortal printer; he digs his own sepulchre at the foot of the monument thus piously erected to the memory of Franklin; bestows his precious library, the fruit of all his labors, the scene of most of his enjoyments, the concentrated essence, so to say, of his existence, on the Massachusetts Historical Society; at their request, yields his placid and venerable features for the first time to the pencil of the artist; and sinks to rest.

Such was our benefactor, whose biography I have substantially exhausted in this prelude sketch. He

was the seventh of the eight children of Eleazer and Mehitable Dowse; and was born at Charlestown, in Massachusetts, on the 28th of December, 1772. His father was a leather-dresser, and owned a wooden house and a large lot of land nearly opposite to the spot where the church of our respected associate, the Rev. Dr. Ellis, now stands. I do not suppose that it would elevate Thomas Dowse in the estimation of any judicious person to be able to say of him, that he belonged to what is called a distinguished family; on the contrary, it would rob him of much of his merit as a self-made man to trace his fondness for books, and his aptitude for intellectual and artistic culture, either to hereditary tastes or patrimonial advantages of education. Still, however, I have never known a person whose self-reliance was of so austere a cast, that he did not take pleasure, when it was in his power to do so, in tracing his descent from an honored line. It may, therefore, be proper to state, that, though the parents of Mr. Dowse occupied an untitled position at a time when titles were a trifle less shadowy than at the present day, one of his family, Jonathan Dowse, is mentioned in a land-conveyance in Middlesex County, in 1732, with the title of "Honorable." Honorable Jonathans are more plentiful now than then; and I suppose, that, in the first third of the eighteenth century, that designation was confined to members of the Executive Council, or persons in high judicial station, and entitled the individual decorated with it to the decent adornments of a scarlet cloak, white wig, and three-cornered hat. In what capacity Jonathan Dowse was complimented with this distinguished title, — distin-

guished at that time; now rather conferring distinction on the principle that Cassius and Brutus were distinguished at the funeral of Junia, — I am uninformed.

If it were possible to penetrate to the remote and occult sources of temperament and character as developed in after-life, some sensible effect would no doubt be traceable to the influence of stirring, anxious, and disastrous times upon the tenderest years of infancy. Vague but abiding impressions are probably made upon the imagination long before the reasoning faculties begin to act; and, if the influence is one which pervades the whole community, the effect will be seen in the character of the age. It is, I suppose, in this way that we are to explain the appearance of vigorous, high-toned, and resolute generations of men in critical and decisive periods, when great interests are at stake, and mighty energies are in action. The year 1772, in which Thomas Dowse was born, was one of the most important of the momentous years that preceded the Revolution. The mind of the entire community was in a state of intense excitement, fermenting toward the crisis. The domestic circle of his father's house was darkened by the death, in that one year, of three children. The public crisis at length came on; and his parents fled from the flames of their humble dwelling in Charlestown on the ever-memorable 17th of June, 1775: he, a child of two and a half years of age, too young, of course, for a distinct remembrance of the event in after-times; old enough to have retained dark and solemn though indistinct impressions of the anxious haste, the energetic trepidation, the sorrowful parting, the bitter and the tender emotions,

which must pervade a quiet home, surrendered all at once to the worst horrors of war. The nurses in Normandy still awe their restless children by the ominous chant of Malbrook, — a name of terror throughout the cottages of France a century and a half ago, of which the force is not yet expended. Dr. Samuel Johnson, at the same age with Mr. Dowse when his parents fled from Charlestown, was taken to London to be touched for the king's evil by Queen Anne, and retained through life "a sort of solemn recollection of a lady in diamonds, with a long black hood," — a spectral image which no doubt fed his constitutional melancholy. There was a shade of severity in Mr. Dowse's manner which may have had its origin in the impressions produced upon the child's mind by the sorrowful and indignant *hegira* from the flaming streets of Charlestown; kept alive, as those impressions would necessarily be, by the more distinct recollections of the members of his family older than himself.

The family, fleeing from the ashes of their humble dwelling, retreated first for a short time to Holliston, and then to Sherborn, in Middlesex County, where it had been originally established; and here Thomas grew up till he became of age. It was far from being a time of prosperity. The burden of the Revolution, and of the unsettled times that succeeded it, fell heavy upon the land. Eleazer Dowse recommenced the business of a leather-dresser at Sherborn; but it was much if it yielded a frugal support to his family. One incident only, as far as I am aware, has been remembered of the childhood of Thomas; and it was one of two accidents, as they are

called, the one disastrous, the other fortunate, which exercised an important influence over his tastes and occupations. The misfortune took place when he was six years old. It was a fall from an apple-tree, succeeded by a rheumatic fever, which ended in an incurable lameness, with frequently recurring periods of acute suffering throughout his life. Judging him from his appearance at the meridian of his days, when, notwithstanding his lameness, he stood full six feet in height, — I think rather more, — with a frame by nature evidently of an athletic cast; retaining even to the last, as we see in Wight's excellent portrait, distinct traces of a countenance once symmetrical and comely, — it is not difficult to suppose, that as the thoughtful child compared himself with his nimble comrades in boyhood, or as he grew in years with his strenuous companions in later life, something of the bitterness of feeling which clouded Byron's spirit may have stolen over him, and given a sombre tinge to his habitual meditations. At all events, as I knew him, he was a taciturn, lonely, self-reliant man, drawing solitary enjoyment from the deep cold wells of reading and thought.

It is probable, that during the first confinement, caused by the painful accident, and the fever which followed it, in his case, as in that of Scott and so many other intelligent children under similar circumstances, the weary and languishing hours were soothed by the assiduities of mother, sister, and friends reading to him such books — then few and precious — as would amuse the tedium of the sick-chamber, and that his taste for reading began in this way. He had some schooling; but the town-

school in Sherborn, eighty years ago, could have been of very little account. His lameness was the most earnest and successful teacher. The feeble and aching limbs, which prevented his engaging in out-door sports, led him to seek occupation and amusement in books. In one of the few conversations which I ever had with him on this subject, — for, uncommunicative in all things, he was especially so in whatever concerned himself, — he said, that, from his very earliest recollection, he was fond of books, and devoted every shilling that came into his possession to their purchase. When, in after-life, he became acquainted with the writings and history of Sir Walter Scott, he felt himself drawn by sympathy toward him as a fellow-sufferer. “Lameness,” he used to say to a young friend, “drove us both to books, — him to making them, and me to reading them.” This sympathy led him to procure a bust of Scott, the only one which adorned his library.

But though books, from his childhood, formed the solace of his life, they could not furnish his support. The ample funds, which now exist for the education of meritorious but needy young men, had not then been provided by public and private liberality. The circumstances of his family were not such as to put a college education within his reach. At the proper age, the poor lame boy must begin to learn a trade; and that of a leather-dresser was naturally selected. He had probably begun to work under his father, in the shop and on the farm, as soon as he was able to labor. His taste for reading, as we have seen, was developed still earlier. As he grew up, all his leisure time was devoted to it; and, before

he was eighteen years of age, he had read all the books which he could procure in Sherborn.

He continued to work with his father till he attained his majority ; at which time a strong desire possessed him to see the famous places abroad, of which he had learned something from books. To gratify this desire, he gladly accepted the offer of one of his father's friends and neighbors, the captain of a vessel about to sail from Norfolk, in Virginia, to London. He was to get to Norfolk before the vessel sailed, at his own expense. Too poor to accompany the captain by land, he engaged a passage in a coasting vessel bound from Boston to Norfolk. A long-continued east-wind detained the coaster in port, till it was too late to reach Norfolk before the vessel sailed for London. Thomas lost that chance of seeing Europe ; and another never offered itself. It was a critical period in his life. The money which he had brought from Sherborn ran low at a boarding-house while the cruel east-wind prevailed ; and he was not willing to return, a disappointed adventurer, to his father's door. Seeking employment in the business in which he was brought up, he engaged in the service of Mr. Wait, a wool-puller and leather-dresser at Roxbury, as a journeyman, at twelve dollars a month. He remained in this situation for ten years ; and the highest wages he ever received was twenty-five dollars a month.

In 1803, Mr. Dowse, now thirty-one years of age, was enabled, with the assistance of Mr. Wait, to set up in business for himself. In that year he established himself in Cambridgeport ; which was beginning sensibly to prosper under the influence of the building of West-

Boston, or, as it is now called, Hancock Bridge. Those who recollect the Port as it was at the beginning of the century will be able to appreciate the forecast which led Mr. Dowse to select it as an advantageous place of business. Few portions of the environs of Boston were, at that time, less attractive. It was near the great centres of interest, literary, commercial, and historical; but it was not of them. In the early settlement of the country, Governor Winthrop's party, as is well known, made its first permanent landing at Charlestown. The communication westward by land, from the spot where they stationed themselves for the summer of 1630, was over Charlestown Neck, and by the old Charlestown road, which now leads to Cambridge Common, and is called Kirkland Street. Along the line of this road there had probably been an Indian trail, which left Cambridgeport quite to the south. Water communication by boats was, in the absence of roads, much resorted to along the coast and up the river. It was, no doubt, the principal mode of conveyance from Charlestown and Boston to Watertown, which began to be settled earlier than Cambridge. The shores of Charles River for a considerable part of the way, along what is now Cambridgeport, were low and wet, and afforded no conveniences for landing. A great part of the territory was a sunken marsh or an almost impenetrable swamp, interspersed with a few tracts of upland, nearly, and some wholly, insulated. This condition of things did not materially change for a century and a half. Lieutenant-Governor Phipps purchased as a farm the entire territory of what is now East Cambridge, in the early

part of the eighteenth century. The Inman and Soden Farms were cultivated about the same time; and these were the only considerable improvements, east of Dana Hill, before the building of West-Boston Bridge.

That event took place in 1793. Till then, the chief value of the lands in Cambridgeport arose from the salt hay procured from them. The situation was altogether uninviting. There were no highways or bridges across the marshes. "It was," says Dr. Holmes, "a sort of insulated tract, detached from every other." It was called "the Neck;" and few persons went into it in the course of the year, except for the purpose of cutting and bringing off the salt hay, and for what is ironically, I suppose, called "sport;" that is, wading all day up to your middle through oozy creeks and tangled bushes, beneath a burning sun, and under clouds of mosquitos, gnats, and green-headed flies, with a heavy fowling-piece on your shoulder, and an affectionate but muddy dog at your heels, in the hope of bringing home a sheldrake and half a dozen yellow-legs, at nightfall, as the trophy of the day's success. There were but four houses east of Judge Dana's before the bridge was built, and a repulsive loneliness reigned around them. The remains of an Indian wigwam, of rather equivocal reputation, existed, within my recollection, in the depths of a gloomy thicket; and there were portions of this forlorn territory, if the popular superstition could be credited, not in the exclusive occupation of the denizens of this world.

With the building of the bridge, and the opening of the causeway to it, — of which, however, the construction was very imperfect, — the improvement of the Port began.

In 1801, a considerable part of the Inman Farm was sold in small parcels; and a rapid increase of building and population now took place. Young men of enterprise began to resort to Cambridgeport from the interior of the Commonwealth. Mr. Dowse followed in 1803. He established himself near the Universalist church, in partnership with Mr. Aaron Gay; his old master Wait furnishing the capital, and receiving half the profits. This arrangement lasted but about a year, when the partnership was dissolved. Mr. Dowse remained in the pursuit of his business for about ten years longer, on the spot where he had first established himself, and with such success that he felt warranted, in 1814, in erecting the ample premises at the corner of Main and Prospect Streets. These he continued to occupy as a wool-puller and leather-dresser, with a succession of partners, to the close of his life; retiring, however, from the actual pursuit of his business at about the age of seventy-four.

Industrious, punctual, energetic, intelligent, and upright, he prospered in his calling. The wool-trade was profitable: the sheep-skins manufactured by him, and chiefly in request with the book-binders and glovers, acquired the reputation of superior finish and durability, and consequently enjoyed a preference in the market. His gains were therefore steady, and they were frugally husbanded. But, though simple in his tastes and moderate in his expenditure, he was far from parsimonious. His house, his domestic establishment, and his garden, were on a scale of convenience and comfort — one might almost say luxury of a Doric cast — seldom witnessed on the part of those who

live by manual labor. A moderate fortune was invested by him — unproductively, except as it produced rational and healthful enjoyment — in his buildings and grounds ; and a constantly increasing portion of his income was laid out in books. His days were devoted to hard work, and to the conveyance of its products to market in Boston ; but the early morning and the evening hours were employed in reading. He never stinted himself in the purchase of books ; and the sums of money, hardly earned by daily labor, and withdrawn from accumulation to be expended in this way, amounted of themselves, in the course of his life, to what would have been an independent fortune. The cost of his library, as presented to our Society, is supposed to have been not less than forty thousand dollars. If interest is taken into the account, it must have been twice that sum. I mention these facts, not as wishing to bring the value of books in the hands of an intelligent reader down to a pecuniary standard, but for the opposite purpose of showing how little this was done by Mr. Dowse. It may be difficult to find another instance of an individual, especially one physically infirm, who confined himself beyond the age of threescore years and ten to a laborious mechanical trade, and invested in buildings, grounds, and books, a sum of money amply sufficient to have supported him without manual labor.

About the year 1821 happened the second of the two accidental occurrences of his life — the one adverse, the other prosperous — to which I have alluded : I refer to the acquisition of a valuable collection of copies, in water-colors, of paintings by the great masters. Mr. Dowse

had early formed a taste, not merely for reading, but for beautiful typography and binding, in which the publications of the American press were at that time sadly deficient. Nor were the shelves of our booksellers then, as now, supplied by importation with ample stocks of the choicest productions of the foreign press. To gratify his taste in the beauty of his editions, Mr. Dowse was accustomed to import his books directly from London. About the year 1820, his agent there sent him the prospectus of a lottery for the disposal of the copies of a magnificent series of engravings of the ancient masters, and of the water-color copies which had been made of the originals in order to this publication. The lottery was arranged on the principle, that, according as the first-drawn number was even or odd, all the even or all the odd numbers should receive a set of engravings as a prize; while the water-color copies were divided, and formed the two highest additional prizes. This probably was an artifice of the managers of the lottery to induce every one, disposed to adventure in it, to buy at least two tickets. Mr. Dowse and a neighbor in Cambridgeport united in the purchase of three, dividing them between the even and the odd numbers. It was not convenient to the neighbor to retain his interest in the purchase of the tickets, and Mr. Dowse took the three to himself.

His first information of the fortunate result came from the Custom House in Boston, in the shape of a heavy demand for duties upon the boxes, which contained fifty-two paintings in water-colors, in their frames; a set of the colored engravings executed from them, and a set of the same engravings not colored; all of which he had

drawn as the second and third prizes in the lottery. The entire amount of duties, freight, and other charges, was about a thousand dollars. Whether this was a greater sum than it was convenient to Mr. Dowse to advance for what he must have regarded at that time as a mere luxury, or whether his taste for this branch of art remained to be developed, I have been informed that he hesitated at first about retaining the collection, and consulted one or two friends on the expediency of doing so. Their counsel — seconded, no doubt, by his own inclination — determined him, at any rate, to proceed with caution. The collection was placed on exhibition at Doggett's rooms, in Market Street, for the gratification of the public. It attracted great attention on the part of all persons of taste, and of the artists then residing in Boston, and especially of Allston and Stuart. Mr. Dowse himself, perceiving the value of the collection, abandoned all thoughts of parting with the treasure thus thrown into his hands; fitted up two rooms in the rear of his library for their reception; and there they remained, one of the great ornaments of his establishment, an object of curiosity and interest to strangers visiting this region, and of delightful contemplation to those who enjoyed the privilege of Mr. Dowse's friendship, to the end of his days.

This event I take to have decided his course for the residue of his life. His hesitation, whether or not he would dispossess himself of the treasures of art which had fallen to his lot, seems to show, if the anecdote is authentic, that hitherto he had not entirely made up his mind to devote his time and his means wholly to the

gratification of intellectual and artistic tastes. It is probable that the inspection of the paintings at the exhibition, and the study of the engravings at home, opened within him the hitherto hidden fountains of feeling and perception for high art. It may seem extravagant to ascribe such an effect to a collection of copies: but although there is an incommunicable beauty in the original canvas of a great master, yet a faithful engraving, and still more a spirited copy, are to the intelligent observer no mean substitute; for even the original canvas is, so to say, but a lifeless thing, into which the taste of the observer, in sympathy with the artist, is to infuse vitality and meaning. It is the medium through which the suggestive ideas of the creative mind are reflected to the perceptive mind, — painter and spectator dividing the work of enjoyment and admiration. Surveyed by the untaught eye, scanned by the unsympathizing gaze, Raphael's Madonna at Dresden, and Titian's Cornaro Family, stand upon a level with the memorable painting of the Primrose Family, which was executed by the industrious artist in four days. The sublime and beautiful images, created by genius in the soul of the artist, are projected on the canvas, — perhaps inadequately projected, even by the most gifted master, — in order to call up corresponding images in the mind of the beholder. There is no doubt that the gifted painter or sculptor, like the gifted poet, feels and conceives higher and brighter things than he can possibly express in words, in form, or colors; while the observer and the reader of congenial spirit find a significance in the page, the statue, or the canvas, far above the literal expression. As he muses on the poem,

the statue, the painting, the fire burns within him. The electric circuit between his mind and that of the poet, the sculptor, the painter, is completed; and, lo! the airy imaginings of the artist crystallize into substantial realities. The dead letter of Homer and Dante and Milton begins to cry in melting articulate tones; the stony lips of heroes and sages, moulded by Phidias and Praxiteles, shake off the dust of two thousand years, and move and talk to the beholder; and the transfigured canvas of Raphael blazes with the unutterable glories which irradiated the Son of God, when, as he prayed, the fashion of his face was altered, and his raiment was white and glistening. According to the acuteness of his natural perceptions, the extent of his artistic culture, and his own sympathy with original genius, the observer will find on the canvas mere mechanical execution, the lowest stage of art; imitative resemblance of nature, the point where ordinary criticism stops; embodied thought and character, in which the reign of genius begins; rapt ideality, the third heaven of the artistic creation. Keen is the eye, profound the study, exquisite the taste, rare the congeniality, of creative power, which can comprehend at once all the elements of artistic beauty and life, and melt them into a harmonious whole, in which sense and intellect and feeling, the eye, the mind, and the soul, enter for an equal part.

Mr. Dowse's eye was true, though hitherto little exercised; his taste was naturally pure and simple; and, in matters of art, he had at least nothing to unlearn. The collection, of which he had become the fortunate possessor, consisted indeed of copies in water-colors; but

they were copies of choice originals, executed by skilful hands. They were truthful representatives of some of the most celebrated works of the greatest masters of what has been called the lost art of painting ; works of which, at that time, neither copies nor engravings had often reached this country. The collection consisted altogether of fifty-two paintings, of which four were copies of Raphael ; three each of Titian, Guercino, Claude Lorraine, Rembrandt, and Rubens ; two each of Giotto, Domenichino, Guido, Annibale Caracci, and Andrea del Sarto ; and one each of Cimabue, Ghirlandaio, Coreggio, Giulio Romano, Parmegiano, Bordone, Garofolo, Schidone, Cortona, Sebastian del Piombo, Salvator Rosa, Murillo, Giorgione, the two Poussins, Paul Potter, Teniers, jun., Ostade, Gherard Dow, Berghem, Van de Werf, Wouvermans ; and one fine water-piece, of the Dutch school, not named, — nearly all the greatest names in all the classic schools of art, and an adequate specimen of their peculiar styles ; and this, too, before the sparkling paradoxes and fearless dogmatism of Ruskin had cast a shade of doubt on their accepted merit.

Thus he became possessed of a collection of paintings, — copies, indeed, but copies of originals that never cross the Atlantic ; a collection which was declared by Allston to embody in the aggregate richer and more instructive treasures of art than could have been found at that time in the whole United States. This acquisition no doubt exercised, as I have already stated, a considerable influence upon his feelings and purposes, and confirmed him in his resolution to devote his time and his means to the gratification of his taste and the improvement of his mind.

Of his personal history at this period of his life there is little else to record. There is a tradition, that, at the age of fifty, he contemplated marriage. This intention, if ever cherished, was soon abandoned; and his latter like his earlier days were passed in the somewhat ungenial solitude which appears to have suited his temperament. He seems to have been wholly free from the unhappy restless desire "to better his condition," as it is called, which, in a few exceptional cases, leads to brilliant fortune, condemns the majority of men to a life of feverish and generally unsuccessful change, and tempts not a few to their ruin. Giving his hours of labor to his trade, and those of relaxation to his books, his pictures, and his garden, he lived on to a serene, contented, unambitious, and venerable age; exhibiting a beautiful example of the triumph of a calm and resolute spirit over what are usually regarded as the most adverse outward circumstances.

A supposed invincible necessity of our natures has, in our modern society, almost separated the mechanical from the intellectual pursuits. A life of manual labor and business cares has usually been found (less perhaps in our country than in most others) to be inconsistent with the cultivation of a taste for literature and art. It is generally taken for granted, that, for this purpose, means and leisure are required, not within the reach of those who live by the labor of the hands. Hence society, speaking in general terms, is divided into two classes, — one engrossed with manual labor or business cares, and suffering for want of a due culture of the mental powers; the other employed in pursuits that task the intellect,

without calling into play the wonderful faculties of our material frames. The result in too many cases gives us labor without refinement, and learning without physical development. Such was evidently not the design of our nature. Curiously, wondrously compounded of soul and body, it was meant to admit the harmonious and sympathetic development of the material and intellectual principle: rather let me say, its attainable highest excellence can exist only when such development takes place. It is quite evident, that, as far as that object is attainable, labor should be ennobled and adorned by the cultivation of intellectual tastes and the enjoyment of intellectual pleasures; while those whose leading pursuits are of a literary or scientific character ought to inure themselves to exercises, occupations, and sports which strengthen the frame, brace the muscles, quicken the senses, and call into action the latent powers of our physical nature.

It has ever appeared to me that Mr. Dowse's life and career were replete with instruction in this respect; in which, indeed, he is entitled to be regarded as a representative man. Few persons, as we have seen, above the dead level of absolute penury, start in life with such slender advantages of position and outfit. He inherits no fortune, he enjoys no advantages of education. From the age of six years, he labors under a serious physical infirmity. The occupation he has chosen furnishes no facilities for the cultivation of the mind over most other mechanical trades; and, till he has advanced to the age of fifty, nothing that can be called a piece of "good luck" occurs to give an impulse to his feelings. But, under these certainly not propitious circumstances, he forms a

taste for books and for art such as is usually displayed only by persons of prosperous fortune; and he provides himself, by the labor of his hands, with ampler means for gratifying those tastes than are often employed by the affluent and the liberal. If his example proves the important and salutary truth, that there is no incompatibility between manual labor and intellectual culture, the rarity of the example shows with equal plainness how firm was the purpose, how resolute the will, which enabled him to overcome the difficulties of such a course. We can fancy the unspoken reflections that may sometimes have passed through his mind as he leaned over his work-bench. We can imagine, that in his hours of solitary labor, and at the commencement of his career, he sometimes said to himself, "These halting limbs and this enfeebled frame shall not gain the mastery. If I cannot move with vigor in the active and busy world, much more shall these hard-working hands provide me the means of mental improvement. Poverty is my inheritance: I know from the cradle the taste of her bitter but wholesome cup; but I will earn for myself the advantages which fortune sometimes in vain showers on her favorites. A resolute purpose shall be my patrimony; a frugal life, my great revenue. Mean may be the occupation, hard and steady the toil; but they shall not break nor bend my spirit. It has not been given me to pass the happy days of emulous youth in the abodes of learning, or to sit at the feet of the masters of science and literature; but, if Providence has denied me that privilege which most I should have coveted, it has granted me a love of letters not always brought from

academic halls. The wise of every country and age shall teach me from the shelves of my library; the gray dawn and the midnight lamp shall bear witness to my diligence; at the feet of the great masters I will educate myself."

How effectually he did this, may be seen by a hasty glance at his library. A short time before his death, he caused a few copies of a catalogue of it to be printed for private distribution. It is contained in an octavo volume of two hundred and fourteen pages. The number of works entered in the catalogue is two thousand and eight, and the estimated number of volumes is not less than five thousand; all decently, many elegantly, a few magnificently, bound. They are, for the most part, of choice editions, where a choice of editions exists. A fair proportion of them are specimens of beautiful typography; a few of them works of bibliographical luxury and splendor. It is an English library. Mr. Dowse was not acquainted with the ancient or foreign languages; and as it was formed not for ostentation, but use, it contained but a few volumes not in the English tongue. In running over the catalogue cursorily for this purpose, I find nothing in the Greek language, and but a single work in Latin, and that not an ancient author, — a volume of De Bry's collection of voyages; and nothing in any foreign languages but the works of the three great masters of sacred oratory in French, — Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Massillon; in all, seventy-two volumes. These, with the addition of the voyage of Father Marquette, who, first of civilized men, descended the Mississippi, from its junction with the Wisconsin to the Arkansas, were the

only books in a foreign language contained in Mr. Dowse's library, — the last being a present.

But, though he confined his library almost exclusively to the English language, it was enriched with the best translations of nearly all the classical writers of Greece and of Rome, as well as of several of the standard authors of the principal modern tongues. Thus his shelves contained translations of Homer, Hesiod, the minor lyric and elegiac poets, Pindar, Theocritus, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides and Aristophanes, Plato and Aristotle, Philostratus, Epictetus, Marcus Antoninus, Demosthenes, Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Arrian, Diodorus Siculus, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Polybius, Plutarch, Pausanias, Dio Chrysostom, Longinus, Aristænetus, Anacreon, Lucian, Porphyry, and the Emperor Julian. From the Latin he had translations of Lucretius, Virgil, Ovid, Horace, Catullus, Tibullus, Lucan, Claudian, Juvenal, Persius, Plautus, Terence, Cæsar, Sallust, Livius, Tacitus, Suetonius, Justin, Cicero, Quintilian, Seneca, Pliny the Younger, and Apuleius. Among German writers he had translations of the principal works of Klopstock, Wieland, Goethe, Schiller, of Norden, Niebuhr, father and son, Johannes von Müller, Heeren, Otto Müller, Raumer, Ranke, Mendelssohn, Kant, the two Schlegels, Menzel, Heinrich Heine, and Weber. From the Italian language he had translations of Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Ariosto, Tasso, Guarini, Marco Polo, Machiavelli, the Memorials of Columbus, Guicciardini, Clavigero, Botta, Lanzi, and Metastasio. Of French authors he had translations of the old Fabliaux, De Comines, Froissart, Monstrelet, Rabelais, Montaigne, Pascal, De Retz, De

la Rochefoucault, Fénelon, Racine, Lafontaine, Molière, Madame de Sévigné, Boileau, De la Salle, La Hontan, Rapin, Bayle, Rollin, Montesquieu, Bossu, Charlevoix, Voltaire, Rousseau, Grimm, Vertot, the Abbé Raynal, St. Pierre, De Vaillant, Volney, Brissot de Warville, De Chastellux, Marmontel, Barthelemi, Necker, Madame de Staël, Madame Roland, Mirabeau, Chénier, Chateaubriand, La Roche Jacquelin, Baron Humboldt, Sismondi, Guizot, De Tocqueville, Lamartine, and Béranger. In Spanish and Portuguese he had Cervantes, Cortez, Gomara, Bernal Diaz, Las Casas, De Soto, De Solis, Garcilasso de la Vega, Herrera, Mariana, Molina, Quevedo, Ulloa, Cabrera, Alcedo, and Camoens. It is scarcely necessary to add to this, I fear, tedious recital of names, that it was evidently Mr. Dowse's intention, as far as it could be effected through the medium of translations, that his shelves should not only contain the works of the master-minds of every language and age, but also a fair representation of the general literature of the ancient and modern tongues.

But it was, of course, upon his own language that he expended his strength; for here he was able to drink at the fountains. Putting aside purely scientific, professional, and technical treatises, — in which, however, the library is not wholly deficient, — it may be said to contain, with a few exceptions, the works of nearly every standard English and American author, with a copious supply of illustrative and miscellaneous literature, brought down to within a few years of his death, when, under the growing infirmities of age, he ceased to add to his collection. No one department appears to predomi-

nate; and it would be impossible to gather, from the choice of his books, that his taste had even strongly inclined to any one branch of reading beyond all others. He possessed the poets and the dramatists, from the earliest period to the present day (more than three pages and a half of the printed catalogue are devoted to Shakespeare and his commentators); a fine series of the chroniclers; the historians and biographers; the writers and collectors of voyages and travels, among which is the beautiful set of Purchas's Pilgrims, one volume of which was selected as the earnest volume of the donation of his library to the Historical Society; the philosophers, theologians, moralists, essayists; and an ample choice of miscellaneous writers. To enumerate the most important of them would be simply to repeat the prominent names in the literature of the English language. Though not aiming in any great degree at the acquisition of books whose principal value consists in their rarity, Mr. Dowse was not without fondness for bibliographical curiosities. His collection contains a considerable number of curious works seldom found on this side of the Atlantic, and among them a magnificent large paper-copy of Dibdin's bibliographical publications. Though somewhat reserved in speaking of his books, and generally contented with simply calling a friend's attention to a curious volume, he sometimes added, in a low voice, "A rare book."

When the works of authors, falling within his range, had been collected in a uniform edition, he was generally provided with it. There is not much of science, abstract or applied; though that expression may seem ill chosen,

when I add that it contains translations of Newton's "Principia" and Laplace's "System of the World." There is but little of jurisprudence in any department; but Grotius and Vattel, and one of the critical editions of Blackstone, show that neither the public nor municipal law had been wholly overlooked by him. In American books the library is rather deficient. It contains President John Adams's "Defence of the American Constitutions;" but no work on the Constitution of the United States, and but very few having any bearing upon political questions. There are the works of Hamilton, whom Mr. Dowse greatly respected; of Fisher Ames; Jefferson's "Notes on Virginia;" and the little volume entitled the "Political Legacies of Washington:" but with these exceptions, and that of the works of Franklin, whom he held in especial honor, Mr. Dowse's library contains the writings of no one of the Presidents of the United States, nor of any one of our distinguished statesmen. It is well supplied in the department of American history, and in that branch contains some works of great rarity and value. Of congressional documents, I think there is not one on the catalogue!

That it wants many books not less valuable than many which it contains, is no doubt true. Nothing else was possible, in a collection of five thousand volumes. Had it been fifty or five hundred thousand, the case would have been the same. It is to be remembered also, that he formed his library not in a mass, and on the principle of embracing at once all the books belonging to any particular department. He sent for the books which he wanted; for the books which were offered in sale cata-

logues at acceptable prices ; for the books which fell in with his line of thought at the time ; reserving to future opportunities to supply deficiencies, and make departments more complete. It must be recollected, too, that though his business prospered, and yielded what, under the circumstances of the case, might be deemed an ample income, he never had at command the means for extravagant purchases. Nothing would be more inconsiderate than to compare his library with the great foreign private libraries, — Mr. Grenville's or Lord Spencer's in England, or Mr. Lenox's in this country, on which princely fortunes have been expended ; although, if estimated in proportion to his means, his modest collection would not suffer in the contrast. “ When I was twenty-eight years of age,” Mr. Dowse remarked to Mr. Ticknor, “ I never had any means but the wages of a journeyman leather-dresser, at twenty-five dollars per month ; I had never paid five dollars for conveyance from one place to another ; I never had worn a pair of boots ; and I was at that time in the possession of several hundred good books, well bound.”

Such, very inadequately described, — and how can a library be adequately described, except by reading the catalogue ? — was Mr. Dowse's collection of books, of which with such simple but affecting formality he transferred the possession to the Historical Society, through you, sir, its President, on the 30th of July, 1856. Here, as he advanced in years, he passed the greater part of his time ; withdrawing more and more from the out-door cares of the world, and the heavier toils and closer confinements of his handicraft. His lameness, which

increased with the advance of age, caused him to have rather a morbid disinclination for company abroad; and he had pursued his taste for books and art without sympathy at home. Hence, though his heart was kindly, it was, except in the circle of his most familiar friends, closed in by an unaffected modesty. He had never coined the rich ore of his really genial nature into that bright currency of affable demonstration, which adds so much to the ease and spirit of social intercourse. Having never formed those domestic relations which call out and train the tenderest of our affections, that portion of his nature remained undeveloped. He had never lived in the sunshine of a loving eye, nor reposed in the soft moonlight of a patient, uncomplaining smile. With a mind full of the richest materials for the exercise of that great characteristic of our common humanity, — the gift of rational speech, — his words, in general society, were ever few. Naturally affectionate, he had but little aptitude for the minor graces of life, by which the affections are nourished. It was not difficult for him to render a great service; nor would it have been easy for him to furnish the social circle with the amusement of a leisure hour. A person who judged of him from his taciturnity in a mixed company would have supposed him wholly destitute of that beautiful talent of conversation, too lightly deemed of, too little cultivated, exhausted by most persons when the state of the weather has been agreed upon, the last wretched phase of party politics canvassed, or the character of some absent friend handsomely pulled to pieces, — this happy gift, the product in about equal degrees of good temper, good spirits, and a ready wit;

which with playful mastery wrests our time and thoughts from the dominion of the grim perplexities of life, extracts real happiness out of the sportive nothings of the hour, lights up the fireside with contagious cheerfulness, sets the table in a harmless roar of sympathetic mirth, casts out for a while the legion demons of care, and charms even rooted sorrows, for the moment, into forgetfulness. They would have judged amiss. There are those in this hall who can testify that he also had his genial hours; and they were not few, nor far between. In a trusted company, on a happy theme, a choice volume, a favorite character, the ice was melted, the waters flowed; and he poured forth his thoughts and feelings, and the fruits of his reading, in a stream of colloquial eloquence which the most gifted might have envied, and to which the best informed might have listened with instruction.

Mingling but little in society, still less did he take part in the larger gatherings of men; scarcely ever attending church,—though the hours of Sunday were given to a graver choice of books, of which his library contained an ample store. To every form of communication with the public by the written or the spoken word he was absolutely a stranger. He never addressed a public meeting; for he never attended a public meeting, except to exercise the right of suffrage. He never wrote a paragraph for the press; never was a candidate, successful or unsuccessful, for office; and never, that I am aware of, took any active part in the political discussions of the day; at least, in the course of nearly forty years' acquaintance with him, it never occurred to me to

hear him express an opinion on any question of party politics.

Of the religious opinions of Mr. Dowse I have no personal knowledge. I have reason to believe, from reliable information, that he cherished a profound traditional respect for the Christian Revelation; and that, having pursued a course of manly inquiry, he had settled down upon a rational faith in those prominent doctrines which unite the assent of most professing Christians. His library contained, in whole or in part, the works of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, of Hobbes, of Toland, of Chubb, of Tindal, of Mandeville, of Voltaire, and of Rousseau: but it also contained those of the great theologians of the English church,—of Hooker, Jeremy Taylor, Chillingworth, Barrow, Tillotson, Clark, Sherlock, and Horseley; those of the orthodox dissenters, Watts and Doddridge; those of Campbell and Blair; and those of Lindsey, Priestley, and Wakefield. Of American divines, he had the writings of Chauncey; of Freeman, of whom he was a great admirer; and of Buckminster; but not those of Jonathan Edwards, Dwight, or Channing. He admired the Liturgy of the church of England; and it was in presumed conformity with his wishes in this respect, that the solemn and affecting service for the burial of the dead was performed at the door of his tomb, amid the falling leaves of November. He had constantly on his table, during the latter months of his life, a copy of the Liturgy compiled a few years since, by a distinguished layman of this city,* from the liturgies

* Hon. David Sears.

of the leading branches of the Christian church ; a truly significant expression of that yearning for union, which is cherished, as I think, by sincere and earnest men throughout Christendom. I am inclined to the opinion, that, without dogmatizing, he leaned to the ancient formularies of belief, as they were received by the liberal clergy of the last quarter of the eighteenth century and the first quarter of the nineteenth ; not following opinion to the extremes to which it has more recently been carried. I believe that he felt devoutly, speculated modestly and sparingly, and aimed to give proof of Christian principles by Christian word and deed ; covering up the deep things of religion in a thick-woven veil, of which awe of the Infinite was the warp, humility the woof, love the bright tincture ; and which was spangled all over with the golden works of justice and mercy. The queen of New England's rivers flows clear and strong through her fertile meadows ; the vaporous mists of morning hang over her path : but the golden wealth of autumn loads her banks and attests her presence. In like manner, the stream of practical piety flowed through the heart and conduct of our departed friend ; but the fleecy clouds of silent reverence hovered over the current, and a firm and rational faith was principally manifested, not in sectarian professions, but in a chastened temper, a pure conversation, and an upright life.

It would not, I think, be easy to find another instance of a person, possessing equal means of acting upon society, who, from unaffected diffidence, impressed himself less by outward demonstration on the public mind. As his fortune grew, his establishment grew with it, but so

that no sudden expansion arrested the attention of the public. His library swelled to be in some respects the most remarkable in the neighborhood; but no flourish of trumpets proclaimed its existence or its increase. He kept no company, he joined no clubs, belonged to no mutual-admiration societies, talked little, wrote less, published nothing. At length, toward the close of his life, and when no selfish end could be promoted by the unavoidable notoriety of the act, he stepped out of the charmed circle of his diffidence to make a very significant public demonstration of his interior sentiment; not by the methods which most win the gratitude of society, or, what is often mistaken for it, the applause of public bodies; not by donations to public institutions or fashionable charities; but by a most expressive tribute of respect to the honored, the irresponsible dead. Franklin had always been one of his chief favorites among the great men of America. The example of the poor apprentice, of the hard-working journeyman-printer, who rose to the heights of usefulness and fame, had often cheered the humble leather-dresser, as it has thousands of others similarly situated, in the solitary and friendless outset of his own career. The teachings of the philosopher of common sense had found a clear echo in his practical understanding: and so, at the close of his life, he pronounced the eulogy of the great man whom he so highly honored and warmly appreciated; not in the fleeting breath of well-balanced phrases, but in monumental granite. Mr. Dowse's eulogy on Franklin was pronounced in the following inscription, placed upon the side of the obelisk, in which all the prominent points

in the character of the great man to whom it is consecrated are indicated with discrimination, and nothing appropriate to the place is omitted but the name of the venerable and modest admirer, by whom this expensive and abiding tribute of respect was paid : —

TO THE MEMORY
 OF
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
 THE PRINTER
 THE PHILOSOPHER
 THE STATESMAN
 THE PATRIOT
 WHO
 BY HIS WISDOM
 BLESSED HIS COUNTRY AND HIS AGE
 AND
 BEQUEATHED TO THE WORLD
 AN ILLUSTRIOUS EXAMPLE
 OF
 INDUSTRY
 INTEGRITY
 AND
 SELF-CULTURE
 BORN IN BOSTON MDCCVI
 DIED IN PHILADELPHIA MDCCXC

The manner in which Mr. Dowse proceeded in the erection of a monument to Franklin was as remarkable as the act itself. It was eminently characteristic of the man. He raised no committee; levied no contributions on the weary circle of impatient subscribers, who murmur while they give; summoned no crowd to witness the laying of the corner-stone; but, in the solitude

of his library, projected, carried on, completed, and paid for the work. With the exception of the urn in Franklin Place, — a matter of ornament rather than commemoration, — the first monument raised to the immortal printer, philosopher, and statesman, — one of the brightest names of his age, — was erected by the leather-dresser of Cambridgeport. Boston, that gave him birth; Philadelphia, that holds his ashes;* America, that boasts him, with one peerless exception, her greatest son; Europe, that places him on a level with the highest names, — had reared neither column nor statue to Franklin; when within the shades of Mount Auburn, and by the side of his own tomb, a substantial granite obelisk was erected to his memory by Thomas Dowse.

One more duty remained to be performed; and I know nothing more beautifully heroic in private character than the last few weeks of Mr. Dowse's life. For a long course of years, he seems to have contemplated no other destination for his books than that which awaits the majority of libraries at home and abroad, — that of coming to the hammer on the decease of their proprietors. Happily for us, — and, may I not add, happily for him while he yet lived? — happily for his memory, he conceived the noble idea of bestowing it, while he lived, on a public institution. By an act of calm self-possession rarely witnessed so near the falling of the curtain, he called you, sir (Hon. Robert C. Winthrop), with our

* Since this discourse was delivered, I have been reminded that a statue to Franklin was procured at the expense of the distinguished merchant, Mr. WILLIAM BINGHAM, of that city, and is placed in front of the Philadelphia Library, originally founded by Franklin.

worthy associate, Mr. Livermore, to his presence, as the representatives of our Society; and divesting himself in our favor of what had been his most valued property, — the occupation of his time, the ornament of his existence, — in which he had lived his life and breathed his soul, transferred it to the Massachusetts Historical Society.

The disposition of the remainder of his property was equally characterized by generous feeling toward his natural kindred, and an enlightened regard to the public. Twenty-five thousand dollars were distributed by will to his relations, in equal shares, according to their affinity, which in no case was nearer than nephew or niece; forty-five hundred dollars were given in special bequests; and the residuum of his estate — above forty thousand dollars — was confided to his executors, to be by them appropriated to charitable, literary, or scientific uses. I may, without indelicacy, venture to say, that they have, in my judgment, fulfilled the important trust with signal good judgment and discretion. His beautiful collection of water-colors has been appropriately added by them to the gallery of the Boston Athenæum. A conservatory at the Botanic Garden, built, in part, at their expense, will preserve the memory of his own fondness for the beauties of nature. The public clock, procured by them for the street in which he lived, and the chime of bells in the not distant village, toward the expense of which they have liberally contributed, will frequently remind his fellow-citizens of the remarkable man who has left behind him these pleasing mementoes of his liberality. The Asylum for Aged Indigent

Females, and the Massachusetts General Hospital (two of the most meritorious charities in Boston), have received important additions to their funds from the same source. The town of Sherborn, where he passed his youth and learned his trade, will possess, in the Dowse High School, an abiding monument to his memory; while his immediate fellow-citizens and neighbors, in the hopeful institution which bears his name in Cambridgeport, are destined, I doubt not, — they, and their children to a far-distant posterity, — to enjoy the rich fruits of his energy, perseverance, and probity. May the courses of instruction which it will furnish be ever sacred to the cause of virtue and truth; and the love of letters, which cheered the existence of the generous founder, be nourished by the provision which is thus made for their culture!

You, gentlemen of the Historical Society, appreciated the value, you felt the importance, of the gift of his library, and received it as a sacred trust. You have consecrated to it an apartment, I may venture to say, not unworthy a collection so curious in its history, so precious in its contents, — an inner room in your substantial granite building, approached through your own interesting gallery of portraits and extremely important historical library, looking out from its windows on the hallowed ground where the pious fathers of Boston and Massachusetts rest in peace. There, appropriately arranged in convenient and tasteful cabinets at the expense of his executors, and by their liberality, wisely interpreting and carrying out the munificent intentions of the donor, endowed with a fund which will insure

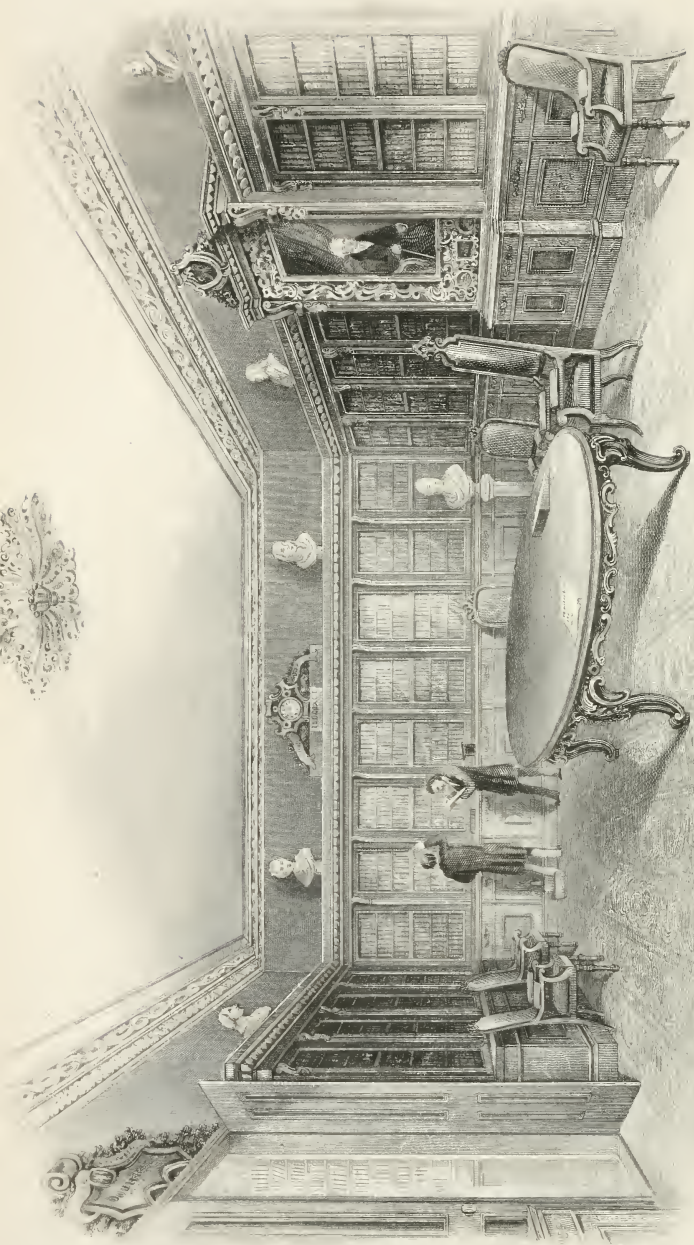
that permanent supervision and care, without which the best library soon falls into decay, it will remain to the end of time, a *μνῆμα* as well as a *κτῆμα εἰς ἀεί*, — a noble monument, more durable, more significant, than marble or brass, — to his pure and honored memory. There, with the sacred repose of death beneath the windows, and the living repose of canonized wisdom around the walls, the well-chosen volumes — the solace for a long life of his own lonely, but, through them, not cheerless hours — will attract, amuse, inform, and instruct successive generations. There his benignant countenance — admirably portrayed by the skilful artist, at the request of the Society, in the last weeks of his life — will continue to smile upon the visitor that genial welcome, which, while he lived, ever made the coveted access to his library doubly delightful. There the silent and self-distrusting man, speaking by the lips of all the wise and famous of our language, assembled by his taste and judgment on the shelves, will hold converse with studious and thoughtful readers, as long as the ear drinks in the music of the mighty masters of the English tongue, — as long as the mind shall hunger, with an appetite which grows with indulgence, for the intellectual food which never satisfies and never cloy.

A P P E N D I X ;

CONTAINING

PROCEEDINGS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY ON
THE GIFT OF MR. DOWSE'S LIBRARY, ON THE DECEASE
OF MR. DOWSE, AND ON THE RECEPTION OF
HIS LIBRARY.

“ I SCARCE know if I may venture to adduce an instance, near home, of the most praiseworthy and successful cultivation of useful knowledge on the part of an individual, without education, busily employed in mechanical industry. I have the pleasure to be acquainted, in one of the neighboring towns, with a person who was brought up to the trade of a leather-dresser, and has all his life worked, and still works, at this business. He has devoted his leisure hours, and a portion of his honorable earnings, to the cultivation of useful and elegant learning. Under the same roof which covers his workshop, he has the most excellent library of English books, for its size, with which I am acquainted. The books have been selected with a good judgment, which would do credit to the most accomplished scholar, and have been imported from England by himself. What is more important than having the books, their proprietor is well acquainted with their contents. Among them are several volumes of the most costly and magnificent engravings. Connected with his library is an exceedingly interesting series of paintings in water-colors, — copies of the principal works of the ancient masters in England, which a fortunate accident placed in his possession, — and several valuable pictures purchased by himself. The whole forms a treasure of taste and knowledge, not surpassed, if equalled, by any thing of its kind in the country.” — EDWARD EVERETT, 1831: *Orations and Speeches*, vol. i. p. 324.



The House - Library.

GIFT OF MR. DOWSE'S LIBRARY.

AT a special meeting of the MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Aug. 5, 1856, the President, HON. ROBERT C. WINTHROP, made the following communication:—

THE Society has been specially convened on this occasion to receive an announcement of a most interesting character. An addition of the highest value and importance has been made to its treasures, and one which calls for immediate and most grateful acknowledgment.

No lover of literature in our community, or indeed throughout our country, can have remained ignorant of the existence of the splendid private library of Mr. THOMAS DOWSE, of Cambridge. This noble collection of rich and rare works has been gradually accumulated, with great care and at great cost, during a period of more than half a century; and now contains at least five thousand volumes, beautifully bound, and in the best possible preservation, and many of them of the highest historical interest. It has long been one of the most interesting objects in our neighborhood; and distinguished strangers of our own and of other countries have been eager to visit it, as among the objects most worthy of their attention.

Its venerable and excellent owner, now more than fourscore years of age,—but, though oppressed by physical infirmities, still in the enjoyment of that clear, practical intelligence, and of that prompt decision of character, which have eminently distinguished him through life,—has desired to make some provision, before his final summons should arrive, for securing a safe guardianship for this precious collection. It has so long been a source of pleasure and of pride to himself, that he is unwilling to leave it, as he soon must, without providing that it shall be safely and sacredly preserved, to afford pleasure and profit to others. And, after mature and deliberate consideration and consultation, he has decided finally to commit it to the custody of the Massachusetts Historical Society; presenting it to them as a gift, upon the simple and judicious conditions, that it shall be kept together in a single and separate room for ever, and that it shall only be used in that room.

Our worthy friend and fellow-member, Mr. George Livermore, the immediate neighbor and confidential friend of Mr. Dowse, has been the medium of communication between Mr. Dowse and myself on this subject; and the Society are under great obligations to him for his considerate and faithful intervention. On Saturday, the 26th of July, he informed me confidentially, and for the first time, of Mr. Dowse's intentions, and inquired if I were willing to take the responsibility of saying that the Society would accept the donation, and conform to the conditions under which it was to be made. I could not hesitate a moment, but proceeded at once to put my

reply in writing by addressing the following note to Mr. Livermore, to be used at his discretion : —

BOSTON, July 26, 1856.

MY DEAR MR. LIVERMORE, — I have considered with the deepest interest the suggestions which you made to me this morning in regard to the proposal of your venerable friend Mr. Dowse. I ought to have said *our* venerable friend ; for I shall always remember the kindness and cordiality with which he received me into his library. That library, would indeed be an inestimable treasure to our Historical Society, and one which they could not guard too sacredly, should it be committed to their keeping. I feel the utmost assurance in saying, that the Society would gladly conform to any views which Mr. Dowse might have upon the subject, and would take pride and pleasure in preserving his library in a room by itself, where it might be viewed in all time to come, entirely separate from all other books, and as a memorial of the enlightened munificence of its original collector.

Pray present my kindest regards and best respects to Mr. Dowse, with my hope that he may still enjoy many days of comfort and happiness.

Believe me, dear Mr. Livermore, very sincerely your friend,

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

GEORGE LIVERMORE, Esq.

To this letter the following reply was received : —

BOSTON, July 28, 1856.

MY DEAR MR. WINTHROP, — I called on our venerable friend Mr. Dowse on Saturday evening, and read to him your letter respecting his proposal for giving his library to the Massachusetts Historical Society. He expressed himself very much

gratified that you had received his proposition so favorably ; and remarked, in substance, that as he had long been familiar with the character of the Society, and was personally acquainted with many of the members, he felt sure, that, in their keeping, his books, which had been for many years his choice and cherished friends, would be carefully preserved and properly used according to the conditions which he had named, and which I communicated to you. He desired me to have a paper drawn up in due form, conveying all his books to the Historical Society ; and witnesses were summoned to be present at the signing of the same this morning. But Mr. Dowse found himself so weak, and his hand so stiff, that he could not hold a pen. At his request, I read aloud to him and to the witnesses — Dr. W. W. Wellington, Messrs. S. P. Heywood and O. W. Watriss — your letter, and the paper conveying the library to the Society. Mr. Dowse then stated to the witnesses above named, that, being unable to write his name, he then, in their presence, gave outright to the Massachusetts Historical Society all the books composing his library named in the Catalogue now in the press of Messrs. J. Wilson and Son.

I take great pleasure in communicating to you, as President of the Massachusetts Historical Society, the fact of this valuable gift. As Mr. Dowse has for several years past honored me with his friendship, and communicated to me freely his plans and purposes in regard to his property, I can assure you that the disposition which he has been pleased to make of his library is the deliberate decision to which he has come, after having for a long time considered the subject.

You will please make such an acknowledgment, as President of the Society, to Mr. Dowse, and take such steps towards carrying out his views, as you may think proper. I hope to see you in Boston on Wednesday or Thursday, and will then confer with you relative to having the books insured in behalf of the Historical Society.

I have written in great haste ; but I could not delay for a moment conveying to you information which I knew would be as gratifying to you as it is to

Your sincere friend,

GEORGE LIVERMORE.

Hon. ROBERT C. WINTHROP,

President of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

A day or two after the date of this letter, Mr. Livermore, with the concurrence of Mr. Dowse and myself, had a policy of insurance upon the library made out, at the Merchants' Insurance Office, in the name of our Society, and for the sum of twenty thousand dollars, — a sum greatly below the value of the books, but in such a proportion to that value as is customary in similar cases.

Still another step remained to be taken to fulfil the carefully considered views of our munificent benefactor. At his request, I waited upon him at his own house on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 30th ult., when, with a willing spirit, though with feeble steps and failing breath, he met me in the presence of those “ choice and cherished friends ” of which Mr. Livermore so beautifully speaks ; and there, after pointing out to me one after another of his Baskerville's or other beautiful editions, — every one of which he knew at a glance, — he delivered to me this noble volume, which I now present to the Society, with the following duly attested inscription : —

CAMBRIDGE, July 30, 1856.

This volume, “ Purchas his Pilgrimes,” — being numbered 812 in the Catalogue now in the press of Messrs. John Wilson

and Son,—is delivered by me, on this thirtieth day of July, 1856, to the Honorable Robert C. Winthrop, President of the Massachusetts Historical Society, as an earnest and evidence of my having given the whole of my library to said Massachusetts Historical Society; the books to be preserved for ever in a room by themselves, only to be used in said room.

THOMAS DOWSE.

In presence of—

O. W. WATRISS.

GEORGE LIVERMORE.

It only remains for me to say, that the Society has now been called together to receive official announcement of what has occurred, that they may have the earliest opportunity of ratifying the action of the President in accepting this magnificent donation, and of offering to the venerable donor such an acknowledgment as the occasion calls for.

The foregoing communication having been read by the President, Mr. EVERETT spoke substantially as follows :—

I rise, Mr. President, to express the satisfaction which, I am sure, we all feel at the very important and interesting communication just made from the chair. After what has been so well said and so judiciously done by yourself and the gentleman (Mr. Livermore) to whose friendly offices the Society is so much indebted on this occasion, I do not feel as if any thing further were necessary than to confirm your proceedings. At any rate, sir, I did not come to the meeting prepared to take the lead in reference to any measures which it may be thought proper for the Society to adopt. I had been

led to suppose that that duty would devolve upon a distinguished gentleman (President Quincy), to whom, on account of his longer acquaintance with Mr. Dowse and his noble library, it more appropriately belongs. Deprived as we are of his presence, I rise with great cheerfulness to submit the only motion to you which seems to be required by the occasion. Before doing so, sir, I will observe, that I have for more than thirty years had the good fortune to enjoy the friendship of Mr. Dowse, and to be well acquainted with the riches of his library. Twenty-five years ago, I stated, in a public address, that I considered it, for its size, the most valuable library of English books with which I was acquainted. A quarter of a century has since passed, during the greater part of which Mr. Dowse has continued to increase the number of his books and the value of his library by new acquisitions; and it now amounts, as our President informs us, to about five thousand volumes. Many of these are books of great rarity, such as are usually found only in the collections of the curious. A still greater number — in fact, the great proportion — are books of great intrinsic value, which is by no means sure to be the case with bibliographical rarities. In one word, sir, it is a choice library of the standard literature of our language. Most of these books, where there was more than one edition, are of the best edition. They are all in good condition, — that has ever been a rule with Mr. Dowse, — and very much the larger part of them are in elegant, some in superb, bindings. It is, in truth, a collection reflecting equal credit on the judgment, taste, and liberality of its proprietor.

Sir, we have a guaranty for the value of his library in the inducement which led Mr. Dowse, very early in life, to commence its formation, and which has never deserted him. His interest in books is not, like that of some amateur collectors, limited to their outsides. He has loved to collect books because he has loved to read them; and I have often said, that I do not believe there is a library in the neighborhood of Boston better *read* by its owner than that of Mr. Dowse.

Mr. Dowse may well be called a public benefactor, sir; and especially for this, that he has shown, by a striking example, that it is possible to unite a life of diligent manual labor with refined taste, intellectual culture, and those literary pursuits which are commonly thought to require wealth, leisure, and academical education. He was born and brought up in narrow circumstances. He had no education but what was to be got from a common town-school seventy years ago. He has worked all his life at a laborious mechanical trade, and never had a dollar to spend but what he had first earned by his own manual labor. Under these circumstances, he has not only acquired a handsome property, — not an uncommon thing under similar circumstances in this country, — but he has expended an ample portion of it in surrounding himself with a noble collection of books; has found leisure to acquaint himself with their contents; has acquired a fund of useful knowledge; cultivated a taste for art, and thus derived happiness of the purest and highest kind from those goods of fortune which too often minister only to sensual gratification and empty display.

I rejoice, sir, that our friend has adopted an effectual method of preventing the dispersion of a library brought together with such pains and care, and at so great an expense. Apart from the service he is rendering to our Society, — which, as one of its members, I acknowledge with deep gratitude, — he is rendering a great service to the community. In this way, he has removed his noble collection from the reach of those vicissitudes to which the possessions of individuals and families are subject. There is no other method by which this object can be obtained. I saw the treasures of art and taste collected at Strawberry Hill during a lifetime, by Horace Walpole, at untold expense, scattered to the four winds. The second best private library I ever saw (Lord Spencer's is the best) was that of the late Mr. Thomas Grenville, the son of George Grenville of Stamp-Act memory. He intended that it should go to augment the treasures of taste and art at Stowe, to whose proprietor (the Duke of Buckingham) he was related. In a green old age, — little short of ninety, — he had some warning of the crash which impended over that magnificent house; and by a codicil to his will, executed but a few months before his death, he gave his magnificent collection to the British Museum. In the course, I think, of a twelve-month from that time, every thing that could be sold at Stowe was brought to the hammer.

Mr. Dowse has determined to secure his library from these sad contingencies, by placing it in the possession of a public institution. Here it will be kept together, appreciated as it deserves, and conscientiously cared for. While it will add to the importance of our Society, and

increase our means of usefulness, it will share that safety and permanence to which the Massachusetts Historical Society, under the laws of the Commonwealth, is warranted in looking forward.

Finally, sir, I rejoice that our friend has taken this step when he has and as he has, and thus put it in our power to convey to him the assurance of our heartfelt gratitude ; of our high sense of the value of his gift ; and of the fidelity with which, regarding it as a high trust, it shall be preserved and used, so as best to promote the wise and liberal objects of the donation.

In taking my seat, sir, I beg leave to submit the motion, that a Committee of Five be appointed by the Chair to consider and report immediately what measures it may be expedient for the Society to adopt in reference to the communication from the President.

After some conversation, this resolution was adopted ; and the following persons were named of the Committee : Hon. Edward Everett, Chief-Justice Shaw, Hon. Judge White, Hon. Nathan Appleton, and the Librarian, Rev. Dr. Lothrop.

The Committee retired, and, after a short time, reported the following resolutions : —

Whereas it has this day been announced to the Massachusetts Historical Society by the President, at a special meeting of said Society convened for that purpose, that the venerable Thomas Dowse, of Cambridge, has, during the past week, presented to the Society his whole noble collection of rare and valuable books (a catalogue of which was at the same time laid upon the table by the President), upon the single condition that they shall be preserved together for ever in a separate room, and shall only be used in said room : Now, therefore, —

Resolved unanimously by the Massachusetts Historical Society, That they highly approve of the acts of the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, their President, in his conferences and dealings with our distinguished benefactor, Mr. Dowse, in reference to this munificent donation; and do adopt, ratify, and confirm all his assurances and acts in receiving the said donation in the name and for the use and benefit of the Society; that the said donation is gratefully accepted by the Society upon the terms prescribed by the liberal and enlightened donor; and that said collection shall be sacredly preserved together in a room by itself, to be used only in said room.

Resolved, That the collection of books thus presented and accepted shall be known always as the Dowse Library of the Massachusetts Historical Society; and that an appropriate book-plate be procured, with this or a similar inscription, to be placed in each volume of the collection.

Resolved, That this Society entertain the deepest sense of the liberality and munificence of Mr. Dowse in making such a disposition of the library, which he has collected with such care and at such cost during a long lifetime, as shall secure it for the benefit of posterity, and for the honor of his native State; and that they offer to Mr. Dowse, in return, their most grateful and heartfelt acknowledgments for so noble a manifestation of his confidence in the Society, and of his regard for the cause of literature and learning.

Resolved, That the Massachusetts Historical Society respectfully and earnestly ask the favor of Mr. Dowse, that he will allow his portrait to be taken for the Society, to be hung for ever in the room which shall be appropriated to his library, so that the person of the liberal donor may always be associated with the collection which he so much loved and cherished, and that the form as well as the name of so wise and ardent and munificent a patron of learning and literature may be always connected with the result of his labors, at once as

a just memorial of himself, and an animating example to others.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions, duly attested by all the officers of the Society, be communicated to Mr. Dowse by the President, with the cordial wishes of every member that the best blessings of Heaven may rest upon the close of his long, honorable, and useful life.

After some remarks from Mr. J. C. GRAY, Mr. GEO. LIVERMORE, Chief-Justice SHAW, and Mr. EVERETT, the foregoing resolutions were unanimously adopted; the members rising simultaneously in their seats, in token of assent, when the question was put from the chair.

Letters from President Quincy, Hon. James Savage, and Hon. David Sears, were read, expressing the high sense entertained by those gentlemen of the liberality of Mr. Dowse, and of the value and importance of his donation.

PROCEEDINGS ON THE DECEASE OF MR. DOWSE.

At the stated meeting of the Society, Nov. 13, 1856, the President made the following communication:—

It is already well known to the members of this Society, that the venerable THOMAS DOWSE, to whose munificence we have so recently been indebted for a very large and valuable addition to our library, has passed away since our last stated meeting. He died on Tuesday, the 4th of November, at about nine o'clock, A. M., at the age of eighty-four years, and was buried on the following Thursday. The interval between the time at which information of his death was received and the time fixed for his interment was not sufficient to allow of any for-

mal meeting of the Society, and the responsibility was assumed by the President of notifying the members to attend the funeral without further ceremony. The result was all that could have been desired, A very large proportion of such of our number as live within reach of so short a notice assembled at the mansion of the deceased at the appointed time, and, after attending the religious services of the occasion, accompanied his relatives and friends to Mount Auburn. Gathered there, between the imposing shaft which Mr. Dowse had recently erected at his own expense to the memory of FRANKLIN and the humbler stone which he had prepared to designate his own tomb, the officers and members of our Society united in paying the last tribute of respect and gratitude to his remains.

It has seemed fit that an official announcement of these circumstances should be made at this our earliest meeting since they occurred, in order that it may find its appropriate place upon our records, and that such further measures may be adopted in honor of the memory of our largest benefactor as may commend themselves to the deliberate sense of the members.

The event which has indissolubly connected the name of Thomas Dowse with the Massachusetts Historical Society has occurred too recently to require any detailed recital. The formal presentation of the rich and costly library, which it had been the pleasure and the pride of his whole mature lifetime to collect, was made known to us on the fifth day of August last; and the circumstances of that occasion are still fresh in the remembrance of us all.

Though he had long been suffering more or less acutely from the disease which has at length brought his remarkable and honorable career to a close, Mr. Dowse was still, at that time, in perfect possession of his faculties, and took the deepest and most intelligent interest in all the details of the transaction. At his own request, I called upon him repeatedly after the gift was consummated, and was a witness of the satisfaction and pleasure which he experienced in having secured what he was pleased to regard as so trustworthy and so distinguished a guardianship for his most cherished treasures. He seemed to feel that the great object of his life had at length been happily provided for, and that he was now ready to be released from the burdens of the flesh. It cannot be doubted that the gratification afforded him, both by the act itself and by the manner in which it was accepted and acknowledged, did much at once to prolong his life beyond his own expectation or that of his friends, and to impart comfort and serenity to his last days.

He lived long enough, after every thing had been arranged, to lend a modest but cordial assent and cooperation to the fulfilment of the proposal which accompanied our acceptance of his munificent donation; and a noble portrait of him is here with us to-day to adorn the room in which his library shall be ultimately placed. The books themselves, with the single exception of the memorable volume which he delivered into my hands as an earnest of the gift, were left to the last to be the solace of his own closing scene.

It is for others, who have known him longer and

better than myself, to do justice to the many striking qualities of head and heart which characterized this remarkable self-made man, and to give due illustration to a career and an example which must ever be freshly honored, not by this Society only, but by all who take an interest in the advancement of literature, learning, and the arts.

The President then stated that the meeting was open for such suggestions as might be thought appropriate to the occasion; whereupon Hon. EDWARD EVERETT addressed the Chair substantially as follows:—

The event to which you have alluded, Mr. President, in such feeling and appropriate terms, calls upon the Historical Society to perform the last duty of respect and gratitude to our most distinguished benefactor, as you have justly called him. Since we last met in this place, he has paid the great debt of nature; and it now devolves upon us to pay the last debt to his memory by placing upon our records a final and emphatic expression of the deep sense we entertain of the excellent qualities of his character, the liberality and refinement of his pursuits, and especially of the munificence and public spirit evinced in the disposal of his library. You have already, Mr. President, said all that the occasion requires; and I am not without fear that I may seem to overstep the limits of propriety in doing more than lay upon your table the resolution which I hold in my hand. I have so recently spoken to you on the subject of Mr. Dowse, that I may seem to monopolize that pleasing office to which so many gentlemen present are

fully competent to do justice. But it is many years — an entire generation — since my acquaintance and my friendly relations with him began. I saw the progress of his library, not certainly from its commencement, for that took place sixty years ago (he told me himself that he devoted his first earnings to the purchase of books), but from a time when it had not reached half its present size. In earlier life, I passed many happy, perhaps I may venture to say profitable, hours in it, consulting choice volumes not elsewhere accessible to me at that time; and I cannot repress the desire, before this occasion is swept down the current of human affairs, to dwell a moment on the recollection.

But I will not take up again the train of remark which occupied our thoughts when the Society was called together on the 5th of August. I shall ever look back to that meeting, at which Mr. Dowse's intention to bestow his library upon the Historical Society was announced to us, as one of the interesting occasions of my life. This collection had for at least sixty years been in progress of formation. For half that period, its value had been known to the public. Mr. Dowse's personal career and history awakened interest. There was an approach to romance in the manner in which he acquired his beautiful gallery of paintings. His persistence in increasing his library, the uncommonly select character of his books,— these were circumstances, which at least, for a quarter of a century, had given his library a certain celebrity. It was an object of curiosity. It was justly deemed a privilege to have access to it. Strangers were taken to see it; and the inquiry, "What

will Mr. Dowse, being childless, do with his library?" had, I imagine, passed through the mind of most persons who knew its value. But, amidst all the conjectures as to the mode in which it would be disposed of, I presume that it never occurred to any one that he would dispossess himself of it while he lived. If ever there was a "ruling passion," it actuated him in reference to his books; it led him, impelled him, to devote his spare time, his thoughts, his means, to the formation of his library; and in obedience to that law of our nature, by which, according to poets and moralists, —

"We feel the ruling passion strong in death," —

no one, I presume, ever thought, for a moment, that Mr. Dowse, while he lived, would divest himself of his property in his library. No one doubted that he would cling to that, with a pardonable intellectual avarice, with his dying grasp; and that, when he was gone, it would perhaps be told of him, that he had exclaimed in his last moments, —

"'Not that; I cannot part with that!' and died."

But Mr. Dowse felt and acted otherwise. Endowed in many respects with superior energy of character, and firmness of purpose, we beheld him in the course of the last summer, his bodily strength indeed failing, but in the full enjoyment of his mental powers, calmly divesting himself of the ownership of this much-loved library, — the great work of his life, the scene of all his enjoyments, — and placing it, without reserve, under the control of others. He had reason, no doubt, sir, as you

have intimated, to feel confident, that, while he lived, the delicacy and gratitude of the Society would leave it in his undisturbed possession. But he made no stipulation to that effect: he gave it in absolute and immediate ownership to the Society.

But I believe, sir, our friend and benefactor reaped, even during the short remainder of his life, the reward of this noble effort. I had the privilege of an interview with him a few days after the donation was consummated; and my own observation confirmed the testimony of our much-valued associate, Mr. Livermore, who saw him daily, and your own impression, that he seemed to find relief, to derive strength, from the completion of this arrangement, and that, in a state of health in which continued existence hangs upon a thread, it had very possibly added some weeks of tranquil satisfaction to his life. I have not seen him for years in a happier frame of mind than he appeared to me that day.

I availed myself of the favorable moment respectfully to urge upon him a compliance with the request of the Society, to which you, sir, have alluded, expressed in one of the resolutions of the 5th of August, — that he would sit for his portrait. I recommended to him strongly the highly promising youthful artist, Mr. Wight, for whom I had had the pleasure, a few years ago, of procuring an opportunity to paint the portrait of the illustrious Humboldt. Mr. Dowse consented with the hesitation inspired by his characteristic diffidence and humility; and the result does the highest credit to Mr. Wight's artistic skill and taste. He has produced an admirable portrait of our friend and bene-

factor; and it is certainly a pleasing coincidence, that there is a resemblance approaching to family likeness between this portrait and that of the Baron Humboldt.

And so, Mr. President, his work on earth being accomplished; calmly and without hurry or perturbation even at the last; that industrious and thoughtful existence divided equally between active labor and liberal intellectual culture; lonely as the world accounts solitude, but passed in the glorious company of the great and wise of all ages and countries, who live an earthly immortality in their writings; a stranger at all times to the harassing agitations of public life; undisturbed by the political earthquake which that day shook the country, — our friend and benefactor, on the 4th instant, passed gently away. As I saw him two days afterwards, lying just within the threshold which I had never passed before but to meet his cordial welcome; as I gazed upon the lifeless but placid features, white as the camellias with which surviving affection had decked his coffin; as I accompanied him to his last abode on earth, — the “new sepulchre” (if without irreverence I may use the words) which he had prepared for himself, “wherein was never man yet laid;” as I saw him borne into that quiet dwelling where the weary are at rest, within the shadow of the monument to Franklin to which you have alluded, lately erected at his sole expense and care on the higher ground which overlooks his own tomb, that even in death he might sleep at his great master’s feet; as, in company with you all, gathered bareheaded round his grave at Mount Auburn at that bright autumnal noon, while the falling leaves and naked branches

and sighing winds of November announced the dying year, I listened to the sublime utterances of the funeral service breathed over his dust, — I felt that such a closing scene of such a life came as near as human frailty permits to fill the measure of a hopeful euthanasy. I ask leave, sir, to offer the following resolutions: —

Whereas it has pleased Divine Providence to remove from this life, in a serene old age, Mr. Thomas Dowse, of Cambridge, the largest benefactor of the Massachusetts Historical Society, —

Resolved, That the members of the Society, filled with gratitude at the recollection of his late munificent donation, desire to renew, on this occasion, the expression of their deep sense of obligation for that most important addition to their library, and their thankfulness for so distinguished a proof of the confidence of Mr. Dowse in the character and stability of the Society.

Resolved, That the members of the Historical Society contemplate with peculiar satisfaction the example set by their late honored and lamented benefactor, of a long life devoted with singular steadiness to a course of intelligent, liberal, and successful self-culture, in the hours of leisure and repose from the labors of an active occupation, and closed by a noble act of public spirit and thoughtful care, to render his precious literary accumulations available for the benefit of the community.

Resolved, That a Committee of — be appointed by the Chair to prepare for the Records of the Society such a commemorative notice of Mr. Dowse as shall do justice to the feelings of gratitude and respect which the members of the Society unanimously cherish for his memory.

These resolutions, having been seconded, were unanimously passed. The blank in the last resolution was filled with "one;" and Mr. Everett was appointed by the Chair to prepare a Memoir of Mr. Dowse, in conformity with the resolution.

At the stated meeting of the Society, Dec. 11, 1856, Dr. LOTHROP, from the Committee on the "Dowse Library," reported as follows; viz.:—

The Committee, in conjunction with Mr. Livermore, one of the executors, have visited Cambridge, and taken measurements of the space which the library now occupies in the late residence of Mr. Dowse. They find that it is too small to fill exclusively either of the three large rooms of the Society, and too large to be placed in either of the two small rooms.

The provision of the gift, that the books shall "be preserved for ever in a room by themselves, to be used only in said room," may admit, perhaps, of two interpretations, — one more limited, less absolute, than the other. It may be regarded as simply intended to prevent the books being separated, scattered, mixed up with the other books of our library, — placed upon different shelves, in several rooms, in such way as taste, convenience, or judgment, might dictate; and, upon this idea, its strict legal requirements would be met, provided the books were kept together in one room, in a compact form, in cases, distinctly marked the "Dowse Library," without, however, excluding other books from the same room. Or the provision in the gift may be regarded as absolute, requiring that the books

shall be preserved by themselves in a room from which all other books are excluded.

Your Committee think the latter interpretation is the one to be adopted; or, rather, they think that the Society owe it to themselves, and the memory of Mr. Dowse, that his splendid gift should be so placed and arranged as that its full extent, value, and importance can be at once seen and appreciated, and in a room made attractive, agreeable, and interesting, — a room in which we should have some pride in exhibiting it to strangers, and into which we should not be ashamed to introduce Mr. Dowse himself, were he to return to earth, or had we the power to show him the disposition we had made of the treasures, so precious to himself, which he had intrusted to our care.

Your Committee think that this can be done without any great alteration in existing arrangements, or any permanent inconvenience to the Society, if the inner or back room of the second story be taken for the Dowse Library. If this room be fitted up with cases containing six shelves, the library would just cover the several sides of the room. In these cases, beneath the consulting shelf, might be compartments, in which might be kept the choice manuscripts, the important papers, of the Society, and various articles belonging to its cabinet. In the centre of the room, opposite the door, might be placed the portrait of Mr. Dowse; and around the walls, in the space above the cases, might be arranged some of the best or most appropriate pictures now in possession of the Society. In due time, busts would be placed here and there on the top of the cases; and thus the Dowse-

Library Room of the Massachusetts Historical Society would be an agreeable, impressive, and instructive apartment, where all visitors, and the members of the Society themselves, would be taught a noble lesson, — a lesson of more value, perhaps, than any thing contained in the books themselves.

Thus fitted up, the room could be used, if thought desirable, for the monthly meetings of the Society, and thus the library proper be left free, at those times, for the use of the members or others who may be consulting it.

The Committee would respectfully recommend that the library of the late Thomas Dowse — his noble gift to the Massachusetts Historical Society — be, on its removal from his late residence, placed in the inner back room of the second story.

They add, in conclusion, that they are permitted to say, that there is every probability that the cost of fitting up the room for the reception of the library, &c., will not be a charge upon the funds of the Society.

The foregoing report having been read, it was voted to accept the same.

At the annual meeting of the Society, April 9, 1857, Rev. Dr. ROBBINS, Chairman of the Standing Committee, closed his annual report as follows: —

Early in the month of January, 1857, an estimate having been made by the Chairman of the Standing Committee, in connection with Messrs. Deane and Shurtleff, of the expense of remodelling and fitting up the Society's inner room, which had been set apart for

the reception of the Dowse Library, the Chairman was requested to inform the executors of Mr. Dowse of the result.

On the 8th of January, a letter was received from Mr. Livermore, generously offering, on the part of the executors, to appropriate and deposit the sum of three thousand dollars, subject to the order of the Chairman, to be expended, in whole or in part, as might be found necessary for the contemplated purpose.

Engagements were immediately entered into with competent mechanics for the different portions of the work. It was deemed advisable not to employ an architect. The utmost despatch, consistent with thorough and faithful workmanship, has been used, in order to have all things in complete order before the annual meeting. It seemed impossible to accomplish the work in so short a time; but, through the promptness and energetic exertions of all concerned, it has been done. The books, during the last week, were carefully removed from Cambridge, and deposited and partially classified in their new cases. The room is finished and furnished, and will soon be opened for the inspection and occupancy of the Society.

In closing this report, it is a grateful duty to acknowledge the constant and assiduous aid of Dr. Shurtleff, the valuable services of Mr. Deane in arranging the books, and the ever-welcome suggestions of the President and Mr. Livermore.

All that remains for me is to close, with a feeling of relief, my humble services to the Society on the Standing Committee, with the presentation to them of this account

of my stewardship, and to render back to the executors of Mr. Dowse a special trust, by placing in their hands the key of the Dowse Library, together with an exhibit of the disbursement of the funds intrusted by them to my charge. The work has not been *performed* without anxiety: we trust it may be *contemplated* without disappointment.

GEORGE LIVERMORE, Esq., then rose, and spoke as follows:—

Mr. President, before any further business is introduced, I move that the Society proceed to take possession of the Dowse Library.

The Chairman of the Standing Committee has already informed you, that the library presented to the Society last summer by Mr. Thomas Dowse, of Cambridge, has been removed to the room prepared for it in this building, and the key of the same delivered to Mr. Dowse's executors.

The pleasant duty now devolves upon me of transferring to you this key, which will, I hope, open to the Society a new source of interest and usefulness to its members, and through them, indirectly, to many others.

My colleague, Mr. Dale, who is present on this interesting occasion by special invitation from the officers of the Society, agrees with me in feeling entire confidence, that as the future guardians of this important trust, chosen by Mr. Dowse himself, the Society will continue to exercise a due regard to the wishes of the donor and the conditions of his gift.

Perhaps I may now be pardoned, if I frankly confess, that a feeling of fond pride and interest in the place of

my birth had oftentimes led me to hope that Mr. Dowse would leave his library to some public institution in the city of Cambridge ; but, for reasons which I cannot but approve, he decided otherwise. As he has placed with his executors, in trust, the means of founding an institution in that city, which will cause his name to be forever remembered with gratitude by the people of the place where he so long resided, it would be ungracious in me, as a citizen of Cambridge, and a friend of the generous benefactor of more than one public institution, to question the wisdom of his decision in the disposition of his library.

I therefore, with great pleasure, hand you this catalogue of the collection, and the key to the room in which it is contained.

The President, on receiving the key to the Dowse-Library Room from the hands of Mr. Livermore, invited Hon. Josiah Quincy, sen., and Hon. James Savage, the senior members of the Society, to marshal the newly elected officers and members of the Society into the new room ; when, after they had taken their seats, Mr. WINTHROP spoke as follows :—

You will hardly expect me, gentlemen, to resume my position as President in this beautiful apartment, and to take possession of this sumptuous official chair, without something more than a mere formal acknowledgment of the honor you have done me by the re-election which has just taken place. For that honor I sincerely thank you ; but with this almost magical transformation fresh in our view, and with this key and this communication newly placed in my hand, I should be quite inexcusable were I to waste an instant on any thing so merely acci-

dental, personal, and temporary as the result of our annual election of officers.

I can hardly be mistaken in thinking, that this occasion is destined to be long remembered as an epoch in the history of our Society, and that from the opening of yonder folding doors, I might almost say, "on golden hinges turning," through which we have been admitted to the enjoyment of these ample accommodations and these priceless treasures, will be dated a new era of its existence.

After giving a full and interesting account of the origin and history of the Society, the President said, —

But I must not longer postpone the acknowledgment, which we all feel to be especially due from us this day, to the memory of that remarkable self-made man, who has made this Society the chosen depository and privileged guardian of the noble library which it was the pride of his long life to accumulate, and upon the enjoyment of which we are now permitted to enter.

The room in which we are gathered is to be known henceforth as the DOWSE LIBRARY of the Massachusetts Historical Society. It has been thus elegantly fitted up under the direction of a committee of our own number, with the Rev. Dr. Chandler Robbins as its able and untiring head, and Dr. Nathaniel B. Shurtleff as his always efficient auxiliary. It has all been done, however, at the sole expense of Mr. Dowse's estate, and by the express authority of his executors, who have consulted his own well-understood views in the execution of this part of the honorable discretion committed to

them. Here the precious volumes which he himself, in his lifetime, watched over so fondly, and consulted so frequently, have been arranged, and are to be carefully classified, under the direction of our worthy Librarian, Dr. Lothrop; and from this apartment, which they will henceforth exclusively occupy, they are never, in any contingency which can be anticipated, to be removed. An original sketch of our distinguished associate, Mr. Everett, by Stuart, and a fine marble bust of Sir Walter Scott by Chantrey, — which were the chosen ornaments of the library while it was at Cambridge, — have also found their appropriate places in the same association here. Busts of Milton and Shakspeare, of Franklin and Washington, and of others whose writings or whose lives were especially dear to Mr. Dowse, are arranged upon the cases; while, from the principal niche at the head of the room, the speaking portrait of the venerable donor himself, procured for the purpose by the order and at the expense of the Society, looks benignantly down upon these cherished friends of his youth and of his age, from which he has so recently been called to part, and offers an accustomed and recognized welcome to all who worthily approach to enjoy their privileged companionship.

A nobler monument to such a man, a nobler monument to any man, could not have been devised, nor one better calculated to secure for him an enviable and delightful remembrance long after the costliest cenotaph or the most magnificent mausoleum would have crumbled into dust. To us it is an invaluable treasure; and the name of THOMAS DOWSE will henceforth be inscribed

upon our rolls and upon our hearts among our greatest and most honored benefactors.

I cannot receive the key which has just been handed to me, without recurring to the occasion, less than a year ago, when he himself presented to me a noble volume of "Purchas's Pilgrims," as the earnest of the donation which is this day so happily consummated. The volume is here, and will now resume its place in the series to which it belongs; but the hand which gave it is cold and motionless, and the ear to which I would again have addressed your acknowledgments is beyond all reach of human utterance. I rejoice to perceive, however, that there is at least one of the witnesses to that transaction present with us on this occasion; and while I offer, in your behalf and in my own, a humble tribute of affectionate gratitude to the dead, I feel it to be but just to unite with it an expression of cordial thanks to the living, by whom the wishes of Mr. Dowse and the welfare of our Society have been so kindly and liberally consulted. Mr. Dowse himself would, I am sure, have rejoiced to know, that the name of his chosen and devoted friend would be associated with his own in the grateful remembrance and respect of all who shall now or hereafter enjoy the privileges of this charming resort; and the name of George Livermore will be always so associated. The munificent provision which has been this moment announced, in the communication just delivered to me, as having been made by himself and his colleague, Mr. Eben. Dale, for the permanent safe-keeping and superintendence of the library, calls especially for our renewed acknowledgments; and I

tender to them both, in behalf of every member of the Society, a sincere expression of our deep and heartfelt obligation.

It only remains for me, gentlemen, to remind you that our responsibilities increase proportionately with our opportunities and advantages; that many things remain to be desired and to be done to perfect other departments of our Institution, and to render them worthy of what has thus been inaugurated; and to assure you, that, for myself, I shall most gladly cooperate, in every way in my power, with the excellent and efficient officers whom you have associated with me, in promoting the continued prosperity and welfare of a Society whose objects are at once so interesting and so important.

I proceed, without further delay, to lay before you the communication of Mr. Dowse's executors, which will tell its own story far better than I could describe it.

The President then read the following letter: —

CAMBRIDGE, April 9, 1857.

Hon. ROBERT C. WINTHROP,

President of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

DEAR SIR, — The library of the late Thomas Dowse, presented by him during his lifetime to the Massachusetts Historical Society, having been removed from the rooms it so long occupied to the new and convenient apartment prepared for it by the Society, his executors desire on this occasion to express through you their thanks to the officers and members of the Society for the kind regard to the wishes and views of the donor, which they have shown in all their proceedings relating to the subject.

In his will, which was executed before he had decided what disposition to make of his library, Mr. Dowse, after making liberal and equal bequests to his relatives, declared it to be his purpose, should his life be spared, to dispose of the residue of his property for charitable, literary, and scientific uses. But well knowing how uncertain his life was, and being unwilling that his general purpose should be defeated by any delay to make a particular disposition of his property, he placed the entire residue of his estate, real, personal, and mixed, in trust, to be applied by his executors — after paying his just debts, and the legacies referred to — to the uses above named.

A little more than a month from the time he signed his will, Mr. Dowse determined to offer to the acceptance of the Historical Society, and to commit to their keeping, his library, containing the dearest earthly objects of his affections, the friends of many years, his guides in youth, his support in manhood, his solace in old age. This act was the spontaneous decision of his own mind, uninfluenced by the slightest hint from any other source. To the close of his life, he took the greatest pleasure in expressing to his neighbors and friends the continually increasing satisfaction which he felt in his decision, and the grateful feelings he cherished for the prompt, hearty, and delicate manner in which the Society had responded to his proposition.

Two works of art — the only objects of the kind which had a place in his library at Cambridge — have been removed with the books to the new apartments, and are now offered by his executors to the acceptance of the Society, — the marble bust, by Chantrey, of Sir Walter Scott; and the unfinished portrait, by Stuart, of one who for many years shared, to a degree which few others have done, the friendship and regard of Mr. Dowse, and who has paid so beautiful and appropriate a tribute to his character, — your illustrious associate, Edward Everett.

That the library which is now transferred to the Historical Society may be for ever preserved and used in accordance with the views of the donor, and the votes of the Society at the time the gift was accepted, the executors, in accordance with the trust imposed upon them by the will of Mr. Dowse, have decided to appropriate the sum of *ten thousand dollars*, as "the Dowse Fund of the Massachusetts Historical Society;" the principal to be for ever kept intact, and the income to be used for the purposes above named. This sum is independent of the amount previously paid for the expenses of removing the library, and preparing the room to receive it.

Respectfully yours,

GEORGE LIVERMORE, } *Executors of the Will*
EBEN. DALE, } *of Thomas Dowse.*

When Mr. Winthrop had taken his seat, Hon. EMORY WASHBURN offered the following resolutions, prefacing them with remarks in his peculiarly happy style:—

Resolved, That the best thanks of the Massachusetts Historical Society be presented to our respected and valued associate, Mr. George Livermore, and to his colleague, Mr. Eben. Dale, for the munificent liberality with which they have exercised their discretion, as the executors of the last will and testament of the late venerable Thomas Dowse, in preparing and furnishing the room which this Society has set apart for the Dowse Library, and in establishing a fund for its safe keeping.

Resolved, That the Society gratefully accept the said fund upon the conditions and for the uses set forth in the communication of said executors, this day made to the President; and that said communication, with these resolutions, be entered upon the record.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Mr. PAIGE offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, That the thanks of the Society be presented to Rev. Dr. Robbins for his devoted labors as Chairman of the Standing Committee during the past year, and also for the especial service he has rendered in taking charge of the preparations necessary to the fitting-up of the Dowse Library.

Resolved further, That the thanks of the Society are due to Dr. N. B. Shurtleff for his valuable suggestions and efficient services in arranging said library.

HON. EDWARD EVERETT then presented to the Society a rare English manuscript which he had received from Thomas Carlyle, containing memoranda relating to the Franklin Family in England previous to their removal to America. He accompanied his gift with the following remarks: —

I felt strongly impelled, Mr. President, to say a few words, by way of seconding the resolutions so appropriately moved and so handsomely supported by Governor Washburn; but the terms in which our respected associate, Mr. Livermore, has expressed himself in the personal allusion to myself, in that most welcome communication which you have just read, has put it out of my power, without indelicacy, to say a word on the subject. I may add too, sir, that the manner in which you have, on this most interesting occasion, spoken for us all, leaves not another word to be desired or supplied by myself or any other individual. I rise only, therefore, at this somewhat late hour of the morning, to offer to the acceptance of the Society, through you, what I am confident you will regard as an interesting relic; viz., the original manuscript record-book of the small tithes of the parish of Ecton, Northamptonshire, England, from 1640 to about 1700, — the parish, I need not tell you, sir, where the family of Benjamin Franklin had

been established for several generations previous to the emigration of his father to Boston in 1682. This venerable relic had, it seems, been found in Northamptonshire by Mr. Wake, an English gentleman, who presented it to Mr. Thomas Carlyle. Mr. Carlyle, justly presuming that it would be of greater interest in this country than it could have been in England, sent it to me, leaving the disposal of it to my discretion. I immediately determined, after having it suitably bound, to present it to the Historical Society; deeming this body, as the oldest Historical Society in the United States, and established, too, in the city where Franklin was born, to be the proper place of deposit for a document of some interest in reference to his family.

After giving in detail an interesting account of the correspondence which passed on the subject between Mr. Carlyle and himself, Mr. Everett said, —

I feel gratified that it has fallen to my lot on this occasion, when we are taking formal possession of Mr. Dowse's magnificent library, to have it in my power to make the first offering to the Society after that happy event; and that this offering should be an original manuscript volume, possessing some antiquarian interest in connection with the family of the great man whose merit was so fully appreciated by Mr. Dowse, and to whose memory, among the last acts of his life, he erected a monument, in granite, near his own last resting-place at Mount Auburn.
